1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

Ever since I was about three years old my grandmother raised me. My dad quit mama and then mama quit me. She didn't like me, so it was up to grandmother to keep me. At the place where I now that outbank with the trading post on top, I also for the first time saw people landing moose up the river. The storeman on the other side yelled to our people. "Moose swimming down the river." I think that's what he said but I was too young to understand. Old Charlie MacDonald and his people got in a big boat and followed the moose down the stream. I heard Charlie's father holler to the moose: "Take my bullet, that's the best bullet." In about three or four hours they brought back the meat.

My grandmother and her sister both followed one husband. My grandmother followed him around all the time. Sometimes, when she left me in camp to go out with a bunch of people, I became lonely. Once she did that and I began to cry and started out after her. Edward Crow' father, Kinale, frightened me. He had an old muzzle loader that he filled with powder. He fired the powder at my feet. I ran home. When my grandmother came back I told her that I was going to stay with my aunt, Mildred. She told me: "Go ahead." But Mildred didn't want me. She said: "You cry too much." So I had to go back to my grandmother.

Soon my mother took me back with her again. We crossed the river to cut wood and one of our boys caught a squirrel with a snow snare. I wanted to steal that squirrel. I wanted it for a pet to drag around and play with. We moved to some other part of the country, I don't remember where. The next thing I remember we were staying at Lower Post. My grandmother used to come here to live every summer. That time a great flu epidemic was raging. This was during the first World War. When the flu passed, a new kind of sickness hit us. People used to jump out of their houses and sit in the snow. Nobody knew when he died that. It was during this time that Madeline died. Then when spring came, in May or June, Old Cayuse's grandchild died. The boy had already killed his first moose. He used to show me how to hunt. One day he shot a duck way out on the lake. The bird drifted down and he sent me to get it. I cried because I was afraid, but he made me go. I got the duck for him and he gave me a bite of chewing tobacco for my work. That was the first time I tasted tobacco.

This was when they tortured my uncle. They called him a witch. I saw my poor uncle tied up but I didn't know why they did that. Once I tried to untie him, but the people nearly killed me for doing it. Then my grandfather, Old Lang, came to Lower Post. We camped downriver from the store, near where the Highway runs now. The Hudson's Bay boat came in while we were at the post, and Albert Dease found out about my uncle being tied up in the woods. Albert went in there and untied him and took the boy outside. That time mama went to Telegraph Creek and Mildred went with her. Mildred came back again in August on the boat. I stayed in Lower Post with my grandmother and Mrs. Dickson. When my aunt came back we all went down the river again. I don't know where we stopped traveling, maybe at Coal River.* We caught up with Old Natucha and the Stone family and stayed with them to about Christmas. After that my grandfather sent word for us to come to his place. Old Stone didn't like us to go but grandma started out. Once we got lost because we followed the wrong trail, a trail that people had used to hunt and fetch meat. The next day

*See Figure 2.

1: Honigmann E-5 (1943-1945) 1949 ND12 Nahane ND12

She asked me who, and I told her. "Yates," I said. "He's going to be your uncle," Aunt Mildred told me. "I'm going to marry him." I picked up the fish. "I'm going to give them back," I said. "He talked to me but I didn't understand why he gave them to me." My aunt told me: "He will teach you." 159

One day I got into a fish trap and while watching it I caught many grayling. I took them home and cooked them, guts and all. When Aunt Mildred came back I told her that I had cooked fish. She tried to eat them but gave up and threw the fish to the dogs. I cried for them, but she told me: "They would kill you." The next day we pulled out, leaving the Tsetena. We went down the river and then up the Liard to Lower Post. While we were at the post, mama came back on the Hudson's Bay boat. She took me back with her. In August we started down the river again, Old Natucka, Old Stone, and Old Lang. We went forty miles down the Liard, and then Old Lang started up Iron Creek. My baby brother was born up there. I was happy when that baby was born. [226] [262]

Aunt Mildred went back to Watson Lake with my daddy.[9] Whenever I thought of my aunt I started to cry. Mama told me: "She's not your mother." That winter we stayed up at Baldhead Mountain and nearly starved to death. We went down again and met up with Alec, a Slave Indian from Fort Liard, and a whole bunch of people We ate moosemeat with those people until after Christmas, when Aunt Mildred came back with my daddy and my daddy's wife. We went down the river past Thirty-Mile. Old Natucka wanted us to go back to stay with him, so Aunt Mildred told mama and we went back. Old Lang didn't want me to go back but they went and took me with them. By this time they were keeping me well. [588]

We came to Old Natucka's place and stayed with him. When spring came, my little brother took sick and they called me a witch. I didn't understand what they meant. Mrs. Piel called me that. Mama believed her and called me that too. They tied me up and hung me by the foot. Oh boy, I wish they tried that on me now! For two nights I hung there and nearly died. I heard an owl tell me: "You'll pull through!" They untied me and tied me up again. I didn't know why they were doing this to me. They asked me many questions, but I didn't understand what they wanted to find out. Once they made me go back almost thirty miles to the old camp. There they asked me: "Did you play that trick here?" "I don't know," I said. Old Madeline was up there and she told me to say: Yes." She warned me: "If you don't tell them that they're going to kill you." I believed her and told them: "Yes." Now we went back to the real camp. My hands were tied and my back was tired from traveling on the trail. They guarded me and I didn't understand why that was necessary. When we came home my little brother died. Later, while I was lying down, my hands tied and a blanket over my head, Mrs. Piel came around. The first thing I saw was my ear being cut. She was going to cut my throat—she tried but gave up. Then we started traveling. Every time we made camp my hands were tied behind my back and a blanket thrown over my face. Finally we came to a small creek, I don't remember the place, where they buried my brother. Mama pulled her scissors out. First Mrs. Piel half cut my ear and then mama finished it. She threw the piece into the fire. I could see it burning. I wished I was big! We got to Lower 159 683

[9] Here Harry is referring to his mother's brother. He was conceived from this couple's incestuous relationship.

1: Honigmann E-6 (1943-1948) 1949 MD12 Nahanni MD12

159 Post. Mama was still watching me all the time. At the post Mrs. Pol wanted to kill me
613 again, but I got a chance to escape. Then three kids, Little Charlie and Sylvester, suggested we play bears. They asked me how I bewitched people. I didn't know what they meant. Later I saw Mrs. Pol coming with the rope. I hid in the woods then. The whole bunch started looking for me but they never found me. Sometimes they passed close by to me, but as soon as I got a chance I beat it to another place. Finally the old man became angry. "Say," he said, "if you kill that boy I'll kill the whole works!" After being in the woods for six days I came back. Then the people started down the river but mama stayed in Lower Post. I think Frank Best, the storekeeper, found out about me and told the Mounties. At that time Burns, a white man, came into the country and mama went to live with him. We stayed up at Dease Lake for about a year and then went to Albert [now Germansen] Creek. Burns quit mama and she went back to the post again.

159 That was the first time I saw Fred Burke, a white man. Mama sent me to Albert Creek to Mildred's cabin with a dog to get a snowshoe. I saw a trail branching off and followed it to see who was there. I came across a sleigh with a big load on it but without a dog harness. There I saw Fred Burke and Charlie Carlson. They fed me well and asked me where I came from. I told them and they gave me tobacco which I took home to mama. After I reached home mama sent me back to them again. I gave them a chicken but they fed it to the dogs. I told them: "Mama wants help." Old Burke came with me; I think he packed my sister, Pupsaw. We came down to the river and the next day Charlie Carlson took us down to the head of the canyon [above Lower Post.] Charlie went back from there and we followed mama down to Lower Post. I killed a moose that I caught with a dog and mama killed another moose. When the ice started to go out, a white trapper, Bob, told me to go with him. He bought clothes and blankets for me and we went down to Coal River to hunt beaver. My job was to guide him. I showed him some things but I didn't work much. He wanted me to work but I couldn't do the things he wanted. Down at Forty-Mile we met Mike Green, who went to Coal River with us. These two men hated each other. Bob was all right, but the German hated him. We split out one day and left Mike behind. Then we came across a little creek with a beaver house. Bob jumped on the house and a big beaver came out. I told him: "Beaver come out." He grabbed his rifle and killed it. The next day we went up the creek but found no beaver. We found another creek but still no beaver. Then we came to Caribou River, where we killed many beaver. On the way back we almost starved to death. We headed for the cache at Coal River and, after reaching that place, built a raft and went down to Bob's main cabin. We waited there for Angus Hall and then built two rafts. I got onto Bob's raft but the thing swamped. Then I got on Angus'raft and it was all right. Down the river we saw a moose. Bob shot a whole box of cartridges, but couldn't get the animal. Finally we caught up the with moose and Angus Hall fired two lucky shots. There was a calf too, but when we shot it the little thing sank. Angus was sorry about the calf. "Nice soft meat," he said. After loading up the meat we went downriver again. Bob had brought the policemen's dogs—this was when the police first came into the country. The dogs smelled moose and went off into the woods. We waited two days but no dogs showed up. Now we had only one dog, Angus Hall's. We starved for Forty-Mile and reached there about three days after leaving Coal River. That was the time that a plane came in, the first plane. At